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A

SERMON

PREACH'D

By a Reverend Father, in the **JESUITS**
Chappel at the Kings-Inns *Dublin*, on
St. Patrick's Day. 1687.

Dear Catolicks,

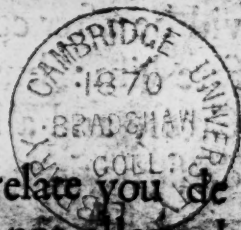
IT is not necessary wth my shelf to relate you de
Shapter and Vershe, beca^{sh} you are not allowed
to read de Bibles; but de Vords be deese,

And Macabeush he did make a great slau-ter.

Which betokens, dat *Macabeush* vash a great Varrior, I by
my Shoul vas he; and sho vas *Artaxus*, and sho vas
Darius, de King of *Persia*; and sho vas *Alexander* de
Great: Now Catolicks, which of all deese do you tink
vas de greatest Varrior; I am know very well you will
shay, *Alexander* de Great; and for fye? beca^{sh} he did
conquer de hole World: but I shay unto you, dere Kri-
stians, dat none of dem all vas like our Catolick Var-
rior *Tyrconnel*, for he ish a greater Varrior nor none of
dem all; yonder he shits. God ble^s King *Jamas*, for he
has restore us to our own Country and Religshion; and

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fye



fye did he do sho? becaſh he is true Catolick, and did beleive in the Shurch, for de Shurch, dere Catolicks, ſhe is like de Cammommille, de more you vill ſhit upon her de more ſhe vill grow. And now, dere Catolicks, diſh being St. *Parick's* Day, I vill make you an Exhortation relating to diſh holy Day: and firſt of all, you vill know diſh holy St. *Parick*, ſen he vould come from *Rome* to diſh place, our holy Fader de Pope (reſht his Shoul) did make him de Primate of *Ireland*; ſho diſh holy Shaint, ſen he vid be after coming over, all de Devils vould came before him: but de holy Shaint vid make de ſhigne of de Croſs, and all de hole of dem vas preſently vamped. In de ſame time dere vas a great King in diſh Country, dat vas told, a Man wid a ſhaven Crown vould take his Country, and make ſhanges in his Laws wid himſelf: ſho ſen he did hear Shaint *Parick* vas comd, and had de ſhaven Head, he did ſent to kill him: but ſen dey did ſhee he vas only a poor Prieſt, dey did make ſcorn upon him, and ſhet a great maſty Dog to verry him: but ſat do you tink, but ſen de holy Shaint vas after making de ſhign of de Croſs he vas dead in de plashe. I am know you pay your Devotion to Shaint *Parick* very vel, for I obſerve in de houſhes in de Country fere I comd, ſome of dere Shildren vil have de Name of *Parick* upon dem very good Devotion. But den Catolicks, anoder way for your Devotion to diſh holy Shaint is to pray to him, ſich I take notice your Pariſh Prieſts do very vel. And anoder way to pay your Devotion to Shaint *Parick*

is

is by keeping dissh Day deicate to our great Apolhtel.
 Dere Catolicks, how do you tink vil you keep it now?
 I shay, do not be drunk, you are mush to blame for
 dat: I tell you, I vill know shome of you drunk on
 Shaint *Parick's* Day, I by my Shoul, on *Good Friday* it
 self: have a care of dat; I am very well know you will
 go drink your Bunn *Parick*; I, and you vill not be con-
 tent vid dat, but you vill drink till you be drunken;
 but I musht tell you ~~dere Catolicks~~ dat doesh Shins dat
 you do take m^{uch} delight in, oftent mes voud be your
 Destruction; for I vill tell you de Story, to illustrate
 dissh m^{atter}; it ish a true Story, by my Shoul, for I had
 it from de Priesht of de Pariss fere de ting vash done.
 Dere vash shom Gentlemen vash drinking dere Bunn
Parick upon Shaint *Parick's* Day, and dey vent into a
 housh for drinkin, and dere vash up stairs in de housh,
 and dere dey vere drinking till dey vere dronkin; and
 de Voman of de housh was brewing dat day, and she
 did left a tub of hot Vorts at de stair foots to cool;
 and one of de Men vas coming down Stairs, and he had
 heels upon his Brogues, and de heel of his Brogue did
 take hold upon de Stairs, and Joy he did tumble vid
 his Head forward into de tub of hot Vorts, and dere
 he vash scal'd to dett. Shee dere now, dere Catolicks,
 fat comes of Dronkening: did not I told you so, dat
 doos shins dat a Man takes delight in does often prove
 his ruine; for dissh Man did love cold Ale, and he was
 drown'd in hot Vorts. Dere is for you now, dere Cato-
 licks:

licks : But now to make you good Kristians, you must take de Exshample of dat good Vomans dat had Oyl did grow in her Pots ; dey vere all clean Pots but one Pot, and de Oyl did not grow in dat Pot : fye, dear Catolicks, I am mush fear your Shouls be like dat dirty Pot fere no Oyl voud grow ; but I vill told you now, if your Shouls be like dat you are all dam ; I shay you are all dam, I by my Shoul, all de hole of you ; derefore, dere Catolicks, have a care of dat. And you, good Vomans, you must not go in de holy Altar vid dem fine Cloash, and does Patch upon your Fashes. I vill tell you now, fen de Men should be att. looking upon de holy Crushifex, dey will be looking upon your Fashes. O hone, Joy, I told you now, dere be de Quakers, observe dem, dey be de better Kristians den none of you all : I told you sho, de Devil vill take you all, if you voud not mend. De Quakers be de best Kristians in de World if dey vere joyn to de Catolick Shurch. Now let us pray for our gracious King James, dat he may have a long and prosperous Reign, and Issue Male, wise Council, stout valiant Soldiers, faitful loving Subjects, dat being all united in one Faith, we may embrace one anoder in de Arms of Love. In de Name, &c. Amen.

After which he kneel'd down and paid his Adorations to the Picture of St. Francis, on his right Hand.

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